SOON WILL COME THE SNOW.

White are the daisies, white as milk;
The stately corn is hung with silk;
The roses are in blow.
Love me, beloved, while you may,
And beg the flying hours to stay,
For love shall end, and all delight.
The day is long, the day is bright;
But soon will come the snow!

Up from the meadow-sedges tall
Floats musical the lark's clear call;
Scarlet the lilies grow.
Love me, I pray you, while you may,
And beg the flying hours to stay,
For love shall end, and dear delight.
The day is long, the day is bright,
But soon will come the snow!

An islet in a shoreless sea,
This moment is for you and me,
And bliss that lovers know.
Love me, beloved. Soon we die.
Joys like the swallows quickly fly,
And love shall end, and all delight;
The day is long, the day is bright,
But soon will come the snow!
—[Elizabeth Cummings, in The Current.

The Virtue of a Uniform.

In his Boston lecture the other night, G. A. Sala told of his experiences at the coronation of Alexander III. It was necessary to wear a uniform to gain admission.

He accordingly wore a plain one that did not gain him any particular attention, but his secretary held some civilian appointment at London, the chief perquisite of which was the right to wear a uniform, "in comparison with which Solomon in all his glory was the smallest of potatoes."

To his paper he sent a dispatch of seven and a half columns. How to get in ahead of other correspondents was a quandary. But intrusting it to his secretary, what was the latter's surprise, as he neared the door in his flaming raiment, to see the entire guard present arms while he marched through. His dispatch was sent two hours before any other correspondent got away from the ceremony.

The Value of Civility.

Life is made up of little things, and the neglect of the small courtesies of life is the foundation of misery in married existence, is the cause of waning friendships, and the destruction of the happiest homes.

Many a serious and life-long estrangement has begun, not from want of affection so much as from lack of that delicate and instinctive appreciation of the feelings of others which makes a person shrink from saying unpleasant things or finding fault, unless absolutely obliged to, and in any case to avoid wounding the offender's sense of dignity, or stirring up within him feelings of opposition and animosity.

Many persons profess to be above taking offence at honest censure, and even seem to court criticism, yet it must be very carefully administered not to be unpalatable. Even kind and generous actions are often so uncouthly performed as to cause more pain than pleasure, while a reproof or denial may be so sweetened by courtesy as also to do away with any sense of mortification or disappointment.

Good breeding is always inclined to form a favorable judgment, and to give others the credit of being actuated by worthy motives.

THE CRAYON SKETCH.

One evening in the year 1520, a female, completely enveloped in a long, black mantle, was walking toward the bridge of the Ralto in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven and, at intervals, she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance.

She paused on the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then closing her eyes and murmuring faintly, "Antonio! my Antonio, adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet.

Just as she was falling a man rushed forward seized her with a powerful grasp, and, drawing her back, said: "Girl! destroy not the life which God has given you. If you are unhappy enter your church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your maker that you have been preserved from rushing, uncalled, into his presence!"

The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said: "Let me go! I must die in peace!"

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were lovely; and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was, and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: an avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love.

Vainly had Maria pleaded with her father, a rich inn-keeping of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsomest gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length, this evening, her father, Gianettini, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence; and she, with a far more culpable neglect of her duty, ran wildly from home, and, as we have seen, was arrested on the verge of suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostlery. Gianettini received his child with rude reproaches; and, bidding her retire to her own apartment and betake herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart, a young gondolier appeared at the door, and furtively approaching her, said: "Dearest! dearest!"

Gianettini rushed forward, shouting: "Out of this! Out of my house, beggar!"

The young man did not stir.

"Have you finished?" he said, in a good humored tone. "Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Gianettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that since I was 10 years old, and Maria 5, we have loved each other fondly? Will you not then allow us to hallow your old age with our grateful blessings; or must we water your path with our tears?"

"I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my grandchildren," said Gianettini, roughly.

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the young man; "but what hinders that I should not become so, too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of heaven, do much."

"A fool's dream!"

"Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense. Prince Lorenzo Medici was a merchant; Duke Diacomo Storza a cowherd."

The man in the corner had hearkened attentively to this dialogue. He rose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said: "Well spoken, gondolier! Courage brings success, and struggling, conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!"

"Never!" cried Gianettini.

"Well," said the unknown, turning disdainfully toward him, "if this youth could lay down 600 pistoles, would you object to the marriage?"

"Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper."

"Pshaw!" said the unknown; "babblers are more tiresome than thieves. Before to-morrow you shall handle that sum."

So saying he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and, turning toward a table began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was represented open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of golden pieces. It had, so to speak, a sensual, avaricious expression, and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

"'Tis my hand!" cried Gianettini.

"And your history," said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, the author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvolo, librarian at the palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it 600 pistoles.

"Six hundred fools' heads!" cried the inn-keeper. "I would not give a zecchin for it!"

Without speaking the artist turned haughtily away.

The gondolier took the parchment, and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully to Maria, but a glance from her soft dark eyes reassured him, and he sat out on his mission.

With folded arms and a moody brow the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room of the hostlery, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance on the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Gianettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendency gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him; and for the first time in his life he dared not break silence.

An hour passed. Then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared bearing in hand a bag and letter. The bag contained 600 pistoles, and the letter was adressed to the artist, and prayed him to honor the librarian with a visit.

"Take these coins and weigh them." said the unknown, as he threw the bag toward Gianettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale and trembling with joy.

"One favor more," he said, "Who are you?"

"What does it matter?"

"What does it matter! say you?" cried the gondolier.

"Much, much to me! Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life!"

"Men call me Michael Angelo!"

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814, it was unfortunately lost, and, so far as can be ascertained, has never been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers among the traditions of Venice.

Women's Work.

[Chicago Current.]

The point is sometimes made against those who are seeking to place the ballot in the hands of women, that on accepting such a favor they must necessarily consent, at least by implication, to carry muskets in times of war. It is an abominable proposition, shameful to those who suggest it.

The question of woman's suffrage must be decided upon a broader and better principle than that.

The very fact such a suggestion is made gives occasion for the admonition that society take care lest it permit the working women to be rated according to muscular capability. We don't want to see women digging, carrying mortar, throwing sledges, pushing wheelbarrows, lifting bales and similar work.

Great progress has been made in opening avenues for the employment of women, but let not the time come when the sight of a woman working for bread shall become so common that society will neglect to distinguish between that which she should do and that from which she should be saved.

We must not grow used to seeing women toiling in the streets. We must not grow used to seeing them struggling under heavy loads. We must not grow used to the men who allow their wives and daughters to do such work as nature never intended. Such employment is a retrogression to the savage state.

It might be asked what is the difference between the lot of a woman who scrubs a floor and that of another who carries a pack through the staeet as a common laborer. An immense difference to the woman's personality and in moral effect.

Upon these nice distinctions the tone of society depends. We must not become so utterly practical that we may disregard the sentiment of things altogether. When the chivalric quality is dulled, society drops back toward selfishness. Deference to women is one of the most conspicuous attributes of the natural gentleman.

And when a man can regard with indifference or satisfaction a woman drawing a wagon upon which her husband reclines, or hitched with a donkey to a cart, as is often seen among the European peasantry, or doing any manner of work like this, that man has become a vicious element in American society.

That such spectacles are comparatively rare in this country, as yet, is an agreeable reflection, but they are not so rare that a protest in uncalled for. If the women who thus work are of foreign birth and take such employment as a matter of course, society owes it not the less to them than to itself to show better ways of earning a living.

A LEAVE-TAKING.

She will not smile;
She will not stir;
I marvel while
I look on her.
The lips are chilly
And will not speak;
The ghost of a lily
In either cheek.

Her hair—ah me!
Her hair—her hair!
How helplessly
My hands go there!
But my caresses
Meet not hers,
O golden tresses
That thread my tears!

I kiss the eyes
On either lid,
Where her love lies
Forever hid.
I cease my weeping
And smile and say,
I will be sleeping
Thus, some day!
—[James Whitcomb Riley.

How Whittier Became an Editor.

Whittier, the poet, is reported as saying to an interviewer recently: "Trifles sometimes have important bearing in life. A copy of the Hartford Review fell under my eye, and I determined to send its editor, George D. Prentice, a few poems, which he kindly published.

My contributions continued, and when he resigned in order to live in Louisville, where he made for himself a reputation as one of the most brilliant journalists as well as pungent and witty paragraphists in America, he advised the publisher to send for me to take his place. I was out in the cornfield hoeing when the letter came to me inviting me to take editorial charge of the paper. I could not have been more surprised if I had been offered the crown of England. What education, what experience had I for such a task!

I knew little of men and things or books. I was singularly deficient in knowledge of the affairs of the day. And yst the task, formidable as it seemed to me, was worth attempting. So I accepted the trust. I had much to learn, but I set myself resolutely to fill the position, and I succeeded, after hard work and patient study, in making the paper acceptable to its readers.

A Clever Witness.

About ten years since a young man of very good character hired a horse from a livery-stable, to ride out to a little town about twenty miles distant. Unfortunately about half-way out the horse fell ill and died. The livery man sued him for the value of the horse, representing that the horse had been killed by fast riding.

One of the young man's witnesses (rather green, or supposed to be, and who had a peculiar way of talking very slow) was called to the stand, and questioned thus by the prosecutor:

"Are you acquainted with the prisoner at the bar?"

"Y-a-a-s" (very slowly drawled out).

"How long have you been acquainted with him?"

"About two years."

"Well, sir, please state to the Court what kind of a reputation he bears as regards fast or slow riding on horseback."

"W-a-a-l, I suppose if he was a riding with a company of persons who rode very fast, and he did not want to be left behind, he would ride fast too. And if he was riding with a company that rode very slow, and he did not want to go ahead alone, I suppose he would ride slow too."

Judge (very much enraged)—"You seem very much inclined to evade answering questions properly. Now, sir, you have stated how the gentleman rides when he is in fast company, and how he rides in slow company. Now, sir, I wish you to state to the Court how the gentleman rides when he rides alone."

"W-a-a-l, having never had the pleasure of riding with him when he was alone, I can't say.

A GLIMPSE OF THE HULA DANCE.

An Almost Obsolete Custom Among the Sandwich Islanders.

[Letter in Kansas City Journal.]

The hula-hula, or native dance of the Sandwich Islanders, is one of the most singular and fascinating exhibitions of the poetry of motion to be seen among any of the barbaric or semi-civilized nations of the earth. In these latter days one very rarely sees a perfect performance of the ancient hula-hula. The influence of the missionaries and of the really religious of the natives, has always been strongly exercised against its connection with the old days of idolatrous worship and because they think some portions of the performance unseemly and even lewd.

A few famous dancers still remain, but a public exhibition is never given. At rare intervals a private hula-hula is gotten up and a few favored foreigners are invited to witness the performance.

I was invited by a native chief, whose acquaintance I had formed, to go with him to see a real hula-hula, a genuine dance of the good old time. I eagerly accepted his kindness and at 9 o'clock one beautiful evening we started for the rendezvous. It was a delicious night. The clear moon shone brightly over the algeroba and tamarind trees, which swept their featherly branches down among the broad leaves of the bananas, and gleamed again on the dark green foliage of the crimson flowered hibieus.

There was just enough breeze from the sea to stir the lightly scented air, and to bend the great bell blossoms of the trumpet plants which bordered our part, and which led to a native house, grass thatched and with walls of slender cane work.

Arrived there, we entered a large room, on the floor of which a number of native spectators lay stretched on soft mats. Room was made for us and we had hardly taken our seats before a curtain, which was stretched at the far end of the room, was drawn, and the entertainment commenced. First, the musicians entered and sat down on one end of the stage, which was simply a large, thick mat, on three sides of which reclined the spectators. The music consisted of six drums—three large and three small. The large ones were enormouse calabaches, the heads of which were covered with tighly-drawn skin; the small ones were cocoanut shells, covered in the same manner.

The leader—a sprightly dame of 70 summers—was a very important personage, as it was her business to direct the performance by the expression of her face and the action of her hands. Suddenly a strange chant was raised, accompanied by a beating of the drums, in perfect time. This gradually died away, and two more musicians appeared, holding long sticks, from which they elicited clear notes by striking them with shorter ones; these took their places behind the rest of the orchestra, and

After them, all dancing in a row,
The comely virgins came with garlands light,
All fresh as flowers.

Ten girls, fantastically dressed, with scarfs bound around their waists and crowned with garlands of flowers and with wreaths of gardenias around their waists and ankles, made their way with slow and graceful movements to the edge of the stage, on which they sank just as the music ceased. Some of these girls were beautiful, and had softly moulded limbs and figures of extreme grace. At a tap of the drum they raised themselves to their knees and commenced a wild song to which they at first beat time with a clapping of the hands. Gradually this changed into a most expressive pantomime. The sticks and drums took up the measure—arms, hands, and even fingers spoke a torrent of words with a precision that the best drilled ballet troupe could never attain. The body swayed backward and forward, the slightest motion to the right or left by one being repeated by all; sometimes snake-like and repulsive, anon seductive and pleasing, until finally a wild tossing of the arms, followed by a low wail, proclaimed the end of the story, to the evident discomfiture of the maiden and the triumph of the lover.

After a pause the music and singing begin again, and as they become more passionate, so does the dancing become more intoxicating and abandoned, each pair wording out the old story of coquetry, jealousy and the final surrender of the maiden, according to their own tastes and ideas. Soft, swaying movements and a gentle turning away, timid glances and startled gestures gradually give place to more rapturous passions. The excitement of the dance inspires them to fresh and more rapid evolutions until exhausted nature can stand no more and they drop fainting on their cushions.

Reform in Hone Life

[Springfield Union.]

Prof. Adler, of New York, wants to reform home life so that there will be less drudgery for women, and more time and strength to devote to her own improvement and the "soul life" of her children. He thinks that some form of co-operative housekeeping may be devised to liberate the mother from her present slavery.

It is possible that the labor of housekeeping might be considerably reduced by some form of co-operation as it is now by the employment of public laundries, but it is not certain that the liberation of women from labor would universally conduce to the moral and mental improvement of herself and her children. This is not a slur upon women. Men who do not work are very liable to degenerate mentally, morally and physically.

The greatest help for women would be to reduce the exactions of society, fashion and custom, if such a thing could be done. Every new feature in modern society entails labor upon her. The more sewing machines, the more tucks and frills. The more bric-a-brac, the more sweeping and dusting. The more acquaintances, the more time wasted in formal calls.

The truth of the matter is, that the wife and mother, who really loves her home and children, does not ask to be relieved of the cares which make her habitation a home. She would rather work hard than make her house a phalanstery, and any improvement in housekeeping which tends to make her family any less a family, she would reject. The housewife earns her half of the family income, and until the husband is able to procure an income without labor, the true wife will not shirk her share of the burden.

Longings.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to retire. Thus, although the whole life is allowed by everyone to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious.

We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter day.

The politician would be contented to lose three years of his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time.

The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments there are to pass before the next meeting.

Thus, as far as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster that it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time as though a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at these several little settlements or imaginary points of rest.

Hasty Justice.

[Chicago Herald.]

A lawyer from Arizona was returning from the East, where he had been to settle up the affairs of some mining company. He was full of indignation at the delays of the law in Eastern courts.

"It took me three months," he said, "to get a little formality through that ought to have been settled in twenty-four hours. It worried the life out of me. Now, out in Arizona we don't do things that way. Our courts move quick. We haven't so much style or red tape, and believe that when a thing has to be done the way to get it done is to get right at it and rush it. I remember last spring the Judge came to our place to hold court. There was a jail full of fellows there, in for murder aud horse stealing. The Judge was in a hurry, and said that docket must be closed within twenty four hours. Well, it was."

"How in the world did he do it?"

"He didn't do it. That night the boys organized a little committee, took the prisoners out of jail, hung the horse thieves and told the murderers to get out of the Territory. Next morning the Judge signed the docket and cost bills and went on his way rejoicing."

AN EXCELLENT REASON.

With never a word she passed me by,
With never a look or a sign;
She silently went her way, and I
As silently went on mine.

No one could have dreamed who saw her face,
As we so coldly met,
That her heart was touched by the faintest trace
Of memory or regret.

Nor do I think that one apart,
Who watched my tranquil brow
Would have guessed that the memory stirred my heart
Of a faithless, broken vow.

And they needn't have guessed or wondered, you see,
For this was the reason why—
I didn't know her and she didn't know me,
And so—she passed me by.

The Work Basket.

[The Household.]

Dainty little sweeping caps are made out of old silk handkerchiefs gathered to fit the head, the four points being brought back to the top of the head and held by a bow of ribbon.

Some of the prettiest shades of gas globes are made out of pale pink gauze put plainly on the globes, first being doubled two or three times. The edge about both sides is gathered and then drawn down tightly and tied. Transparent birds and flowers may be glued on the gauze, but the plain pink looks best.

For fancy work we find peacock feathers among the favored decorations. They are used on panels, lambrequins, table scarfs, etc., and are painted, embroidered and the real feathers applied with very artistic results.

Sleeping "Back-Side."

A plenty of breathing-space round one's bed (remarks the Christian Union) can be only an advantage and benefit; and it is suggested that some of the "morning dullness" and actual headache so often complained of may be traceable to sleeping close to the side of the room, and breathing all night the air reflected from the wall.

A physician was lately called to prescribe for a young lady. There was "nothing the matter" with her, she declared, "nothing but a terrible headache." Every morning she waked with a headache and it lasted nearly half the day. It had been going on for months—ever since they moved into their new house. The doctor tried all the old remedies and they all failed. Riding and archery were faithfully tested, study and practice were cheerfully given up. Nothing did any good.

"Will you let me see your bedroom?" asked the doctor one day, and he was shown up into the prettiest little nest imaginable.

Nothing wrong about the ventilation. The windows were high and broad, and were left open every night, the patient said. The bed stood in one corner against the wall.

"How do you sleep?" says the doctor.

"On my right side, at the back of the bed, with my face to the wall. Lou likes the front best."

"She does!" says the doctor. "So do I. Will you do me the favor to wheel that bed into the middle of the room and sleep so for a week? Then let me know about the headache."

The middle of the room, indeed! And there were the windows on one side, and the two doors on the other sides, and that mantel with its Macrame lambrequin on the fourth side. There was no place for the bed but just where it stood, in the corner.

"Never mind, sacrifice your lambrequin," urged the doctor; "just for a week, you know."

The lambrequin was sacrificed, the bed moved where it had free air on both sides, the headaches disappeared.

He Saw Himself.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

We wish that every intemperate, unworthy father could see himself represented exactly as his wife and children see him. The habit of drink is rarely so dominant, even in the worst man, that he could not resist such a vision, once set before him—and most of the vices that people indulge in are due to their self-blindness, which prevents wholesome shame. How it affects a transgressor to have his eyes opened is told in this vivid passage from a drunkard's experience. Such incidents have been the turning point in the fortunes of more than one family: "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. The other day you were hustling around after a cock tail, and in fact you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a very different man now."

"Preachers had a hold of you?"

"No sir; no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the change?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day I kept on hunting after a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. To a man of my temperament a half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drink. I remembered that there was a half pint of whiskey at home which had been purchased fot medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing.

"'No, you be ma," said the boy, and I'll be pa. Now, you sit here, and I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and, entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at the girl and sat down without saying anything. The girl looked up from her work and said:

"'James, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer, way?' he replied:

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are; an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged, an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?'

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing during the day but little children playing in the garden, and I vowed I would never take another drink; and I will not, so help me God!"

THE ART OF READING.

The Human Figure and Its Fitness for Expression.

[From a lecture by Prof. Brown.]

Man epitomizes two worlds; the world of matter and the world of mind. He is the apex of organized matter through his body, and the summit of all earthly manifestations of spirit through his soul. In a word, he is a soul in organic form. His body is the extreme upward limit of physical progress upon the earth. His soul will yet mark the extreme limit of psychic progress upon the earth. Thus, through organization, man becomes both object and subject in art.

Let us examine the human figure and its fitness for expression. And first—The human form holds itself against the downward force of gravity with less expenditure of muscular energy than that of any land mammal. For note: The whole weight of the body stands vertically above the organs of support. This releases the muscles of the head, torso and arms from the downward drag of gravity. And, further, we find the large central organs of the chest and pelvis, balanced along the line of gravity.

Indeed, we may think of the body as well defind halves, each half jealously guarding the equilibrium of the whole. The 527 muscles, 257 of them in pairs, guard the balance. Thus is made possible the first condition of dramatic expression, that of the subjectivity of the body of the moods of the soul.

Thus does the human structure fulfill what we conceive to be the design of the creator; namely, to place on earth a being who should hold itself out of the degradation of gravity; should in its escape from gravity avoid friction in movement; should thus decrease weight and friction to the lowest point consistent with size and strength.

Thus we may represent all animal life as included within the two lines that form a right angle, and we may say that the horizontal line is the line of greatest enthrallment, and the vertical line, the line of greatest enfranchisement.

Now, if there be no escape from this law governing organism, Delsarte's law of structure is justified. In animal proportions, horizontal lines predominate. In human proportions, vertical lines predominate. This is nature's general plan of structure for all land mammals, man included, and it is upon the revelations and implications of these two lines that Delsartic bases his profound law of radiations, which we thus state: Animal radiations are downwards; human radiations are upward and onward. It was a rare insight in Delsarte that led him to formulate this complete emancipation of man as the three gravitations. Man gravitates to the earth through his feet; to humanity through the torso: to the universe through the eye.

Prof. Brown next considered at considerable length, the body as an agent of expression. He said: We find there is a static, or standing side, and a dynamic, or moving side. The static side is comparatively inexpressive. Thus the front half stands for expression, or that which represents the mind actively and in the face feelingly. The back half is the inexpressive foil for the front.

The "Angel Wing" Mine.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Have you any stock in this Angel Wing Mine, as you call it?" asked a speculator of an old mountaineer after they had been talking at the Grand Pacific.

"Not a dime to sell. It ain't a big mine, and it tain't payin' much, but thar ain't money enough anywhere on this earth to buy it."

"It must have some attraction for you?"

"Wall, I reckon it hev, mister. I've had a purty tough time of it out thar, too. You see when I went out thar all I hed in this world wuz my boy. He were too slender to do much, but he wanted to be nigh me, and so I tuck him. He 'ast to stay in the cabin and do the housework; he were more like a girl than he were a boy, ennyhow. We worked purty hard, and after awhile the mine begin pannin' out, and we got to gettin' along right well; in fact, purty smart. So one day the boy kum to me and sed he hed suthin' to say. Wall, sez I, say it; thar ain't nobody in the cabin but you and me, boy, sez, I. But he sed he'd ruther go on the outside ov the house and say it, so I 'umered him and went roun' back ov a pine tree, and thar he pulled out a piece of paper, and thar was a little circkle ov har tied up in a blue ribbin. I sed nuthin'. Then when he see I sed nuthin' he pulled out a picter. I knowd ez soon as I looked at that picter that the har he'd showed me war her'n. Take her, sez I, for I knowd what it meant. I'd been thar miself. An' then he went away, an' yeu don't know how lonesome that place wuz to me. Ever' tree in the mountains was jest echoin' his voice all the time, and ever' young deer that crost my track after that looked like him. And whenever I took my rifle out to kill some livin' thing I jest let the gun go down on the groun'. I couldn't kill nothin' that was livin'. I ust to go to the fort to get hard tac to live on.

One evenin' two children came to the cabin. I knowd the boy and I knowd the girl, though I'd never seen the girl afore. Her face was as white as the snow on the top ov Pike's Peak. Her eyes was as blue as the sky when there ain't no clouds on it. And she were no bigger than my coat sleeve. The boy was my boy. They had come a long ways and she seemed to be up yonder instead ov here. She never spoke from the time we laid her down on the furs. 'She would insist,' sed the boy, 'on comin' here to see you, and I've fetched her all the way.'

She seemed to know what he sed, but couldn't talk, but somethin' passed over her face that was the purtiest thing I ever expect to see until I meet her up thar. The boy sed: 'She's layin' on an angel's wing,' and we put her head back on the furs and pulled the hair back on her forrid that was like the snows, an' we sot thar all night long. The winds come down the mountin' gorges that night as if they wuz muffled, and thar wa'n't a coyote in all them diggins as ever raised his voice.

The next day we made a proceshun ov ourselves and put her away right down by the little catyrac that hain't stopped its music since God set it in tune, and we put quartz all about it, and then left it alone. 'Sleepin' on an angel's wing,' sez the boy. And we give the mine that name."